





"Illustrated Classics of the German Theatre from Productions by Max Reinhardt"

König Heinrich der Vierte

pon

William Shakespeare mit Bildern nach Aufführungen des deutschen Theaters

Erfter Teil



King Henry the Fourth

by

William Shakespeare with images of the performances by the German Theatre.

First Part



A Digital Edition by Studio Eskamotage, Vienna 2014

Preface to the Digital Edition

The present publication is based on: "Shakespeare, William: König Heinrich der Vierte, Teil 1; Wilhelm Borngräber Verlag Neues Leben; Berlin, 1912"

The cover designs are based on the original covers, designed by Wübben & Co., Berlin according to drafts of the publisher. The title vignette has been adapted to the English title of the play according to the original typography.

While the original edition presents the German translation of the play by A.W. Schlegel, the present edition follows the text of: "Shakespeare, William: Shakespeare - First Folio, Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according to the True Original Copies. Printed by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount; London, 1623". The brackets within the text indicate those passages, which were not presented in the performances of the "German Theatre".

Layout and dimensions of the original edition have been preserved. The typeface of the original however, which has been printed in a German gothic letter similar to the Unger Fraktur, has been replaced with Caslon Old Face.

All set photographies are included in their proper place, scanned with 300 dpi. Max Reinhardt has directed the play, while Hermann Rosenberg carried out the artistic direction of photography.

The "Open Letter" by Erich Schmidt has originally been included in the edition in German language; the present translation was carried out by Studio Eskamotage.

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Open Letter to Professor Max Reinhardt.

You ask me, dear Sir, for my judgment about an undertaking which is to present the reader classical dramas in full faithful extent, yet at the same time make known to him the omissions necessary on the stage and present his eyes, instead of faded illustrations or portraits of much-praised virtuosi, the vivid experience of scenes and groups of the play.

Gladly do I attempt an answer following the first sample, for I feel myself indebted to you for abundant delights and impulses, be it for unreserved approval or for sceptic admiration and admiring skepticism.

Especially the present year has bestowed extraordinary impressions upon us: in "The Somonynge of Everyman" in "Much Ado About Nothing", lately in "Henries" ("Heinriche", referring to the present work) which have not been molten down to a Fallstaff-comedy, but also in the "George Dandin", whose half-tragedy so effectively contrasted with the casual ballet rigmarole despite all the severe guardians of Mount Parnassus.

It may occur that you, the inexhaustible and sheer omnipresent, run riot with your riches and that then not only Puritans of the words, as Schröder or Laube have been, slowly shake their heads; yet always in your work is the poet to keep his peculiar style, every writing its particular individuality, never are superficially wallowing sets and costumes to wield the scepter.

On the path which Richard Wagner, the Herzog Georg von Meiningen, Dingelstedt too, have treaded to bring the artistic work to the proper atmospheric appearance, you are hurrying onward.

All appliances are used, the revolving stage; a vast arena for crowd scenes outside of your house; but antiquated attempts of wrongly educated producers are absent.

You certainly agree with the creator of the "Wilhelm Meister", that the most beautiful sets do not make one forget about the poor actor, yet the great actor offsets awful sets; but today this judgment of qualities cannot keep anyone from furnishing the room of the prince of Guastalla to his taste, to take Macbeth to a foggy heathland and an old Scottish castle, and to put Romeo and Juliet into a lush garden-night of Italy.

That Goethe – and I mean not only his sins committed on Shakespeare's tragedy of love – and Schiller as dramaturges took enormous license towards the word of the writer, does not lend an excuse to arbitrariness; yet, as has to be said again and again, this at the same time most powerful and compact genre of drama usually requires, if a work is to become real through performance, interference in its text, namely abridgements and not alterations or new additions; now and then displacements, occasionally brutal curtailments, without whom no experiment with the "Faust" is possible.

Would the "Don Carlos" be as tightly packed as the "Prince of Homburg", then the tiresome red pencil could rest.

Likewise the "Iphigenia", in another world the "Emilia Galotti", do not require this forceful measure, apart from the fact, that plays of very cohesive composition and small personnel altogether play much more swiftly than such with changing set and varied crowds.

In the first performance, "Romeo and Juliet", shows, how strongly you are intent on completeness as far as possible, since altogether the number of verses enclosed in brackets here is not large at all.

Some mere details have quietly been dropped; unhesitatingly had I omitted the prologue and the one "Chorus" with A. W. Schlegel imprint too, or, if these little pieces should absolutely be brought, used the good verses of the newest translator Gudlolf.

The same person will give you and us soon the painfully missed German Macbeth, which Schlegel sadly did not reach anymore, while "Lear" and "Othello", likewise passed over by him, at least fared much better with the "Graf Audissin".

Quick comparison informs, that you only seldom depart from the with irrefutable right as classical considered Schlegel, but then nearly always for an advantage; and usually so, only that, as far as I know, for the "Midsummer Nights Dream", other sources have been used more abundantly.

At first, further works of Shakespeare at home in your theatre are to follow, then or even in between German plays.

In the pleasant typeface one gladly recognizes the Gothic type shaped by Schlegel's publisher Unger.

The pictures finally appear to me, if only far from portraits of costumes or mere figurines, in their liveliness and naturalness to completely suffice the cause of this edition.

With the best wish for a successful progress, reverently your wholly devoted

Erich Schmidt

Berlin, autumn 1912



Dramatis Personae

King Henry the Fourth Henry, Prince of Wales, Prince John of Lancaster son to the King Earl of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt} friend to the King Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York Archibald, Earl of Douglas Owen Glendower Sir Richard Vernon Sir John Falstaff Sir Michael of the household of the Archbishop of York Edward Poins gentleman-in-waiting to Prince Henry Gadshill Peto

Bardolph

Lady Percy} wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer Lady Mortimer } daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer Mistress Quickly hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Ostler, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants

Act I, Scene I

Enter the King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt with others.

King Henry IV:

So shaken as we are, so wan with care, Find we a time for frighted peace to pant And breathe short-winded accents of new broils To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote. No more the thirsty entrance of this soil Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood, No more shall trenching war channel her fields, Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes, Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, All of one nature, of one substance bred, Did lately meet in the intestine shock And furious close of civil butchery, Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks, March all one way and be no more oppos'd Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies. The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife. No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends, As far as to the sepulchre of Christ – Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross We are impressed and engag'd to fight – Forthwith a power of English shall we levy, Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb, To chase these pagans in those holy fields, Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet

Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd For our advantage on the bitter cross. [But this our purpose now is twelve month old, And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go; Therefore we meet not now.] Then let me hear Of you, my gentle cousin Westmerland, What yesternight our Council did decree In forwarding this dear expedience.

Earl of Westmerland:

My liege, this haste was hot in question.
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of (Herfordshire) to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corpse' there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King Henry IV:

It seems then that the tidings of this broil Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

Earl of Westmerland:

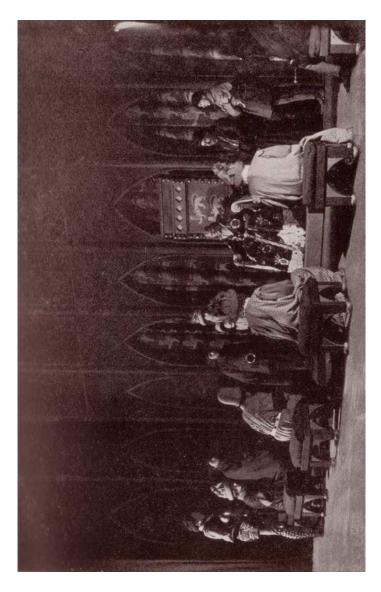
This match'd with other did, my gracious lord, For more uneven and unwelcome news Came from the north, and thus it did import:

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there, Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald, That ever-valiant and approved Scot, At Holmedon met, Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour, [As by discharge of their artillery And shape of likelihood the news was told; For he that brought them, in the very heat And pride of their contention did take horse, Uncertain of the issue any way.]

King Henry IV:

Here is (a) dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

Earl of Westmerland: In faith, It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.



King Henry IV:

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin In envy that my Lord Northumberland Should be the father to so blest a son – A son who is the theme of honor's tongue, Amongst a grove the very straightest plant, Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride, Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, See riot and dishonor stain the brow Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd In cradle-clothes our children where they lay, And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet! Then would I have his Harry and he mine. But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz, Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd To his own use he keeps, and sends me word I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

Earl of Westmerland:

This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester, Malevolent to you in all aspects, Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up The crest of youth against your dignity.

King Henry IV:

But I have sent for him to answer this; And for this cause a while we must neglect Our holy purpose to Jerusalem. Cousin, on Wednesday next our Council we Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords. But come yourself with speed to us again, For more is to be said and to be done Than out of anger can be uttered.

Earl of Westmerland: I will, my liege.

Exeunt.

Scene II

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir John Falstaff.

Sir John Falstaff: Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince Henry:

Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame- color'd taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Sir John Falstaff:

Indeed you come near me now, Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, he, >that wand'ring knight so fair. < And I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy Grace – Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none –

What, none?

Sir John Falstaff:

No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince Henry:

Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly.

Sir John Falstaff:

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be call'd thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon, and let men say we be men of good government, being govern'd, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince Henry:

Thou sayest well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing »Lay by, « and spent with crying »Bring in «; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Sir John Falstaff:

By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?



As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Sir John Falstaff:

How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince Henry:

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Sir John Falstaff:

Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince Henry:

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Sir John Falstaff:

No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince Henry:

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Sir John Falstaff:

Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent – But I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fubb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

No, thou shalt.

Sir John Falstaff:

Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince Henry:

Thou judgest false already. I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Sir John Falstaff: Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince Henry:

For obtaining of suits?

Sir John Falstaff:

Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd bear.

Prince Henry:

Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Sir John Falstaff:

Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince Henry:

What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Sir John Falstaff:

Thou hast the most unsavory (similes) and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. [But, Hal, I prithee

trouble me no more with vanity;] I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince Henry:

Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Sir John Falstaff:

O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain, I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince Henry:

Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Sir John Falstaff:

'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one, an' I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince Henry:

I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to pursetaking.

Sir John Falstaff:

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins! [Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.] O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried »Stand!« to a true man.

Prince Henry:

Good morrow, Ned.

Poins:

Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? [Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul that thou soldest him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince Henry:

Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due.]

Poins:

Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil. Prince Henry: Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins:

But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by four a' clock early, at Gadshill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich

offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. [Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester. I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as sleep.] If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Sir John Falstaff:

Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins:

You will, chops?

Sir John Falstaff:

Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince Henry:

Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Sir John Falstaff:

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince Henry:

Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Sir John Falstaff:

Why, that's well said.

Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Sir John Falstaff:

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince Henry:

I care not.

Poins: Sir John, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Sir John Falstaff:

Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believ'd, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief, for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell, you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince Henry:

Farewell, the latter spring! Farewell, All- hallown summer!

Exit Falstaff.

Poins:

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, (Bardolph, Peto), and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince Henry:

How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins:

Why, we will set forth before or after them and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achiev'd but we'll set upon them.

Prince Henry:

Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be ourselves.

Poins:

Tut, our horses they shall not see – I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckrom for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince Henry:

Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins:

Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endur'd, and in the reproof of this lives the jest.

Prince Henry:

Well, [I'll go with thee.] Provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins:

Farewell, my lord.

Exit Poins.

Prince Henry:

I know you all, and will a while uphold The unvok'd humor of your idleness, Yet herein will I imitate the sun, Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wond'red at By breaking through the foul and ugly mists [If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work; But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So when this loose behavior I throw off And pay the debt I never promised, By how much better than my word I am, By so much shall I falsify men's hopes, And like bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault, Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes Than that which hath no foil to set it off. I'll so offend, to make offense a skill, Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Exit.

Scene III

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King Henry IV:

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me, for accordingly
You tread upon my patience; but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Worcester:

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it, And that same greatness too which our own hands Have holp to make so portly.

Northumberland:

My lord -

King Henry IV:

Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

You were about to speak.

Northumberland:
Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your Majesty.
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Percy:

My liege, I did deny no prisoners, But I remember, when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd, Fresh as a bridegroom, [and his chin new reap'd Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.] He was perfumed like a milliner, And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet-box, which ever and anon He gave his nose and took't away again, [Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Took it in snuff] – and still he smil'd and talk'd: And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by, He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse Betwixt the wind and his nobility. With many holiday and lady terms

He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf. I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold, To be so pest'red with a popingay, Out of my grief and my impatience Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what – He should, or he should not – for he made me mad To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet, [And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark! And telling me the sovereignest thing on earth Was parmaciti for an inward bruise, And that it was great pity, so it was, This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed So cowardly, and but for these vile guns He would himself have been a soldier. This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,] I answered indirectly, as I said, And I beseech you, let not his report Come current for an accusation Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt:

The circumstance considered, good my lord, What e'er Lord Harry Percy then had said To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest retold, May reasonably die, and never rise To do him wrong, or any way impeach What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King Henry IV:

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners, But with proviso and exception, That we at our own charge shall ransom straight His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer, Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd The lives of those that he did lead to fight Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower, Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then Be emptied to redeem a traitor home? Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears, When they have lost and forfeited themselves? No, on the barren mountains let him starve; For I shall never hold that man my friend Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Percy:

Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
[Three times they breath'd and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds, And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank, Blood-stained with these valiant combatants. Never did bare and rotten policy Color her working with such deadly wounds, Nor never could the noble Mortimer Receive so many, and all willingly.] Then let not him be slandered with revolt.

King Henry IV:

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him; He never did encounter with Glendower. I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland:
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

Exit King with Blunt and Train.

Percy:

And if the devil come and roar for them, I will not send them. I will after straight And tell him so, for I will ease my heart, Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Northumberland:

What? drunk with choler? Stay, and pause a while.

Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Percy:

peak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cank'red Bullingbrook.

Northumberland:

Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

Worcester:

Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Percy:

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners, And when I urg'd the ransom once again Of my wive's brother, then his cheek look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Worcester:

I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

Northumberland:

He was, I heard the proclamation.
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Worcester:

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Percy:

But soft, I pray you, did King Richard then Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer Heir to the crown?

Northumberland: He did, myself did hear it.

Percy:

Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation – shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents or base second means,
[The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?]
O, pardon me that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament

Percy (cont.):

Wherein you range under this subtile king! Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, Or fill up chronicles in time to come, That men of your nobility and power Did gage them both in an unjust behalf (As both of you – God pardon it! – have done) To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, And plant this thorn, this canker, Bullingbrook? And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off By him for whom these shames ye underwent? No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem Your banish'd honors and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again; [Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt Of this proud king, who studies day and night To answer all the debt he owes to you Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.] Therefore I say –

Worcester:

Peace, cousin, say no more.

And now I will unclasp a secret book, And to your quick-conceiving discontents I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, As full of peril and adventerous spirit As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Percy:

If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim. Send danger from the east unto the west, So honor cross it from the north to south, And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

Northumberland:

Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

[Percy:

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Worcester:

He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend.] Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Percy:

I cry you mercy.

Worcester:

Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners —

Percy:

I'll keep them all! By God, he shall not have a Scot of them, No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not! I'll keep them, by this hand.

Worcester:

You start away, And lend no ear unto my purposes. Those prisoners you shall keep.

Percy:

Nay, I will; that's flat. He said he would not ransom Mortimer, Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer, But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his ear I'll hollow »Mortimer!« Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak Nothing but »Mortimer,« and give it him To keep his anger still in motion.

Worcester:

Hear you, cousin, a word.

Percy:

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrook,
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Worcester:

Farewell, kinsman! I'll talk to you When you are better temper'd to attend.

Northumberland:

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool Art thou to break into this woman's mood, Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Percy:

Why, look you, I am (whipt) and scourg'd with rods, Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician, Bullingbrook.

In Richard's time – what do you call the place? – A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire – 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept – His uncle York – where I first bow'd my knee Unto this king of smiles, this Bullingbrook – 'Sblood!

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh –

Northumberland:

At Berkeley castle.

Percy:

You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
»Look when his infant fortune came to age «
And »gentle Harry Percy « and »kind cousin « –
O, the devil take such cozeners! – God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale – I have done.

Worcester:

Nay, if you have not, to it again, We will stay your leisure.

Percy:

I have done, i' faith.

Worcester:

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners: Deliver them up without their ransom straight, And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland, which, for divers reasons Which I shall send you written, be assur'd Will easily be granted.

To Northumberland.

You, my lord, Your son in Scotland being thus employed, Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of that same noble prelate well belov'd, The Archbishop.

Percy: Of York, is it not?

Worcester:

True, who bears hard His brother's death at Bristow, the Lord Scroop. I speak not this in estimation, As what I think might be, but what I know Worcester (cont.):

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down, And only stays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Percy:

I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.

Northumberland:

Before the game is afoot thou still let'st slip.

Percy:

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. And then the power of Scotland, and of York, To join with Mortimer, ha?

Worcester:

And so they shall.

Percy:

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

[Worcester:

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head,
For bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Percy:

He does, he does, we'll be reveng'd on him.]

Worcester:

Cousin, farewell! No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Northumberland:

Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Percy:

Uncle, adieu! O, let the hours be short, Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt.

Act II, Scene I

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

Carrier:

Heigh-ho! an' it be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ostler (within):

Anon, anon.

Carrier:

I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point. Poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Second Carrier:

Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots. This house is turn'd upside down since Robin ostler died.

First Carrier:

Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

Second Carrier:

I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas. I am stung like a tench.

First Carrier:

Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Second Carrier: Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney, and your chamber- lye breeds fleas like a loach.

First Carrier:

What, ostler! come away and be hang'd! come away.

Second Carrier:

I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.

First Carrier:

God's body, the turkeys in my pannier are quite starv'd. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? Canst not hear? And 'twere not as good deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill:

Good morrow, carriers, what's a' clock?

First Carrier:

I think it be two a' clock.

Gadshill:

I prithee lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Carrier:

Nay, by God, soft, I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gadshill:

I pray thee lend me thine.

Second Carrier:

Ay, when, canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he! Marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gadshill:

Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Second Carrier:

Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen. They will along with company, for they have great charge.

Exeunt Carriers.

Gadshill:

What ho! chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain.

Chamberlain:

At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gadshill:

That's even as fair as – at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Chamberlain:

Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the Wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too – God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gadshill:

Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamberlain:

No, I'll none of it, I pray thee keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gadshill:

What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut, there are other Troyans that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be look'd into) for their own credit sake make all whole. [I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers,] none of these mad mustachio purple-hu'd malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquility, burgomasters and great oney'rs, [such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet, 'zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth, or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamberlain:

What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?]

Gadshill:

[She will, she will, justice hath liquor'd her.] We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamberlain:

Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gadshill:

Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamberlain:

Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false thief.

Gadshill:

Go to, homo is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

Exeunt

Scene II

Enter Prince, Peto, and Bardolph, with Poins following just behind.

Poins:

Come, shelter, shelter! I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

Prince Henry: Stand close.

They retire. Enter Falstaff.

Sir John Falstaff: Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

Prince Henry (coming forward): Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Sir John Falstaff: Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince Henry:

He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Retires.

Sir John Falstaff:

I am accurs'd to rob in that thieve's company. The rascal hath remov'd my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have — forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be else, I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-

hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! (They whistle.) Whew! a plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd!

Prince Henry (coming forward):

Peace, ye fat-guts, lie down. Lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Sir John Falstaff:

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear my own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince Henry:

Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Sir John Falstaff:

I prithee, good prince – Hal! – help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince Henry:

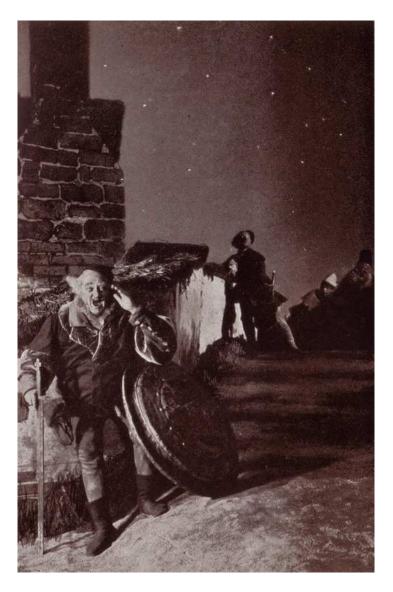
Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Sir John Falstaff: Hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. And I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill:

Stand.



So I do, against my will.

Poins (Coming forward with Bardolph and Peto): O, 'tis our setter, I know his voice.

Bardolph:

What news?

Gadshill:

Case ye, case ye, on with your vizards. There's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Sir John Falstaff:

You lie, ye rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gadshill: There's enough to make us all.

Sir John Falstaff: To be hang'd.

Prince Henry:

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto:

How many be there of them?

Gadshill: Some eight or ten.

Sir John Falstaff: 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince Henry:

What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Sir John Falstaff: Indeed I am not John of Gaunt, your

grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince Henry:

Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins: Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Sir John Falstaff:

Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince Henry (aside.):

Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins (aside.):

Here, hard by. Stand close.

Exeunt Prince and Poins.

Sir John Falstaff:

Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I, every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

1. Traveller:

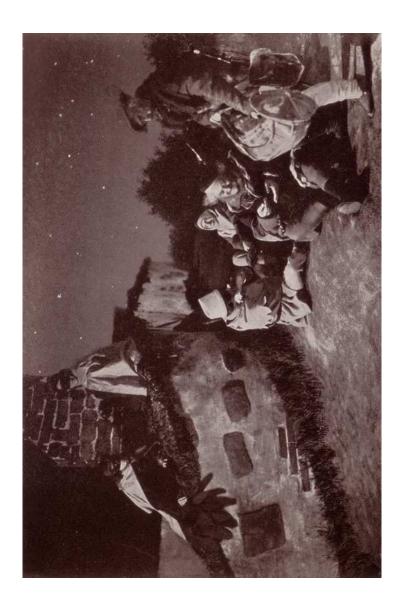
Come, neighbor, the boy shall lead our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves:

Stand!

Travellers:

Jesus bless us!



Strike! down with them! cut the villains' throats! Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. Down with them! fleece them!

Traveller

O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Sir John Falstaff:

Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here! On, ba cons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live! You are grandjurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt. Enter the Prince and Poins (in buckram).

Prince Henry:

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins:

Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Sir John Falstaff:

Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. And the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring.

There's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild duck.

Prince Henry: Your money!

Poins: Villains!

> As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.

Prince Henry:

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse. The thieves are all scattered, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins:

How the fat rogue roar'd!

Exeunt

Scene III

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

Percy:

»But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.« He could be contented: why is he not then? In the respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. »The purpose you undertake is dangerous« – why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink, [but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.] »The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have nam'd uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.« Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim-milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King: we are prepar'd. I will set forward to-night.

Enter his Lady.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady:

O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offense have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, And given my treasures and my rights of thee To thick-ey'd musing and curst melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars, Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed, Cry »Courage! to the field!« And thou hast talk'd Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady fight; Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, [Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream,] And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these? Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Percy: What ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Servant:

One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Percy:

What horse? Roan? a crop-ear, is it not?

Servant:

It is, my lord.

Percy:

That roan shall be my throne. Well, I will back him straight. O Esperance! Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

Exit Servant.

Lady:

But hear you, my lord.

Percy:

What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady:

What is it carries you away?

Percy:

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.



Lady:

Out, you mad-headed ape! A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen As you are toss'd with. In faith, I'll know your business, Harry, that I will. I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir About his title, and hath sent for you To line his enterprise, but if you go —

Percy:

So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady:

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me Directly unto this question that I ask. In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, And if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Percy:

Away,

Away, you trifler! Love, I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? What wouldst thou have with me?

Lady:

Do you not love me? do you not indeed? Well, do not then, for since you love me not, I will not love myself. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Percy:

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must, and to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
No lady closer, for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady:

How! so far?

Percy:

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate, Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you. Will this content you, Kate?

Lady: It must of force.

Exeunt

Scene IV

Enter Prince and Poins.

Prince Henry:

Ned, prithee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins:

Where hast been, Hal?

Prince Henry:

[With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility.] Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack like Falstaff, [but a Corinthian,] a lad of mettle, a good boy (by the Lord, so they call me!), [and when I am King of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry »hem!« and bid you play it off.] To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. [I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor that thou wert not with me in this action.] But, sweet Ned – to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than »Eight shillings and sixpence,« and »You are welcome, « with this shrill addition, »Anon, anon, sir! [Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, « or so. But,] Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in

some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave calling >Francis,< that his tale to me may be nothing but >Anon.< Step aside, and I'll show thee a (president).

Exit Poins.
Poins (within.): Francis!
Prince Henry: Thou art perfect.
Poins (within.): Francis! Enter Drawer (Francis).
Francis: Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.
Prince Henry: Come hither, Francis.
Francis: My lord?
Prince Henry: How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
Francis: Forsooth, five years, and as much as to –

Poins (within.): Francis!
Francis: Anon, anon, sir.
Prince Henry: Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?
Francis: O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart –
Poins (within.): Francis!
Francis: Anon, sir.
Prince Henry: How old art thou, Francis?
Francis: Let me see – about Michaelmas next I shall be –
Poins (within.): Francis!
Francis: Anon, sir. [Pray stay a little, my lord.]

Prince Henry:

Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Francis:

O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince Henry:

I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins (within.):

Francis!

Francis:

Anon, anon.

Prince Henry: Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, a' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

[Francis:

My lord?]

Prince Henry:

Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal- button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch

Francis:

O Lord, sir, who do you mean? Prince Henry: Why then your brown bastard is your only drink! for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis:

What, sir?

Poins (within.):

Francis!

Prince Henry:

Away, you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vintner:

What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. (Exit Francis.) My lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more are at the door, shall I let them in?

Prince Henry:

Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. (Exit Vintner.) Poins!

Poins (within.):

Anon, anon, sir.

Enter Poins.

Prince Henry:

Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins:

As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prince Henry:

I am now of all humors [that have show'd themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve a' clock at midnight.]

Enter Francis hurrying across the stage with wine.

What's a' clock, Francis?

Francis:

Anon, anon, sir.

Exit

Prince Henry:

That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up stairs and down stairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, »Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.« »O my sweet Harry,« says she, »how many hast thou kill'd to-day? « »Give my roan horse a drench,« says he, and answers, »Some fourteen,« an hour after; »a trifle, a trifle.« I prithee call in Falstaff. I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. [»Rivo!« says the drunkard.] Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, (Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto, Francis following with wine).

Poins:

Welcome, Jack, where hast thou been?

Sir John Falstaff:

A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

He drinketh.

[Prince Henry:

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's? If thou didst, then behold that compound.]

Sir John Falstaff:

You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man, yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat and grows old, God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry:

How now, wool-sack, what mutter you?

A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

Prince Henry:

Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Sir John Falstaff:

Are not you a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins:

'Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Sir John Falstaff:

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

Prince Henry:

O villain, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Sir John Falstaff:

All is one for that. (He drinketh.) A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince Henry:

What's the matter?

Sir John Falstaff:

What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince Henry:

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Sir John Falstaff:

Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince Henry:

What, a hundred, man?

Sir John Falstaff:

I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw — ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince Henry:

Speak, sirs, how was it?

Gadshill:

We four set upon some dozen –

Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gadshill:

And bound them.

Peto:

No, no, they were not bound.

Sir John Falstaff:

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadshill:

As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us –

Sir John Falstaff:

And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince Henry:

What, fought you with them all?

Sir John Falstaff:

All? I know not what you call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Prince Henry:

Pray God you have not murd'red some of them.

Nay, that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckrom suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckrom let drive at me — Prince Henry: What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Sir John Falstaff:

Four, Hal, I told thee four.

Poins:

Ay, ay, he said four.

Sir John Falstaff:

These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince Henry:

Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Sir John Falstaff:

In buckrom?

Poins:

Ay, four, in buckrom suits.

Sir John Falstaff:

Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince Henry:

Prithee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince Henry:

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Sir John Falstaff:

Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine [in buckrom] that I told thee of –

Prince Henry:

So, two more already.

Sir John Falstaff:

Their points being broken -

-Poins:

Down fell their hose.

Sir John Falstaff:

Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince Henry:

O monstrous! eleven buckrom men grown out of two.

Sir John Falstaff:

But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldest not see thy hand.

These lies are like their father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch —

Sir John Falstaff:

What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince Henry:

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins:

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Sir John Falstaff:

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince Henry:

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bedpresser, this horse-back- breaker, this huge hill of flesh –

Sir John Falstaff:

'Sblood, you starveling, you (eel-)skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck –

Well, breathe a while, and then to it again, and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this –

Poins:

Mark, Jack.

Prince Henry:

We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick? what device? what starting-hole? canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins:

Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now? Sir John Falstaff: By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters, was it for me to kill the heirapparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct – the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors! Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry, shall we have a play extempore?

Content, and the argument shall be thy running away.

Sir John Falstaff:

Ah, no more of that, Hal, and thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess

Hostess:

O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

Prince Henry:

How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Hostess:

Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

Prince Henry:

Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Sir John Falstaff:

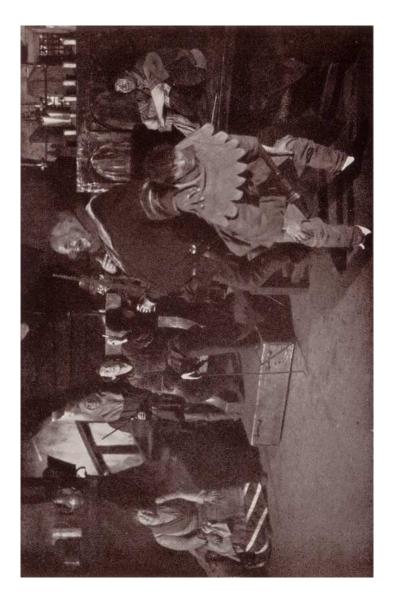
What manner of man is he?

Hostess:

An old man.

Sir John Falstaff:

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?



Prithee do, Jack.

Sir John Falstaff:

Faith, and I'll send him packing.

Exit

Prince Henry:

Now, sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair, so did you, Peto, so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no, fie!

Bardolph:

Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince Henry:

Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto:

Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bardolph:

Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bardolph:

My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Pointing to his own face.

Prince Henry:

I do.

Bardolph:

What think you they portend?

Prince Henry:

Hot livers and cold purses.

Bardolph:

Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falstaff.

Prince Henry:

No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bumbast, how long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Sir John Falstaff:

My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talent in the waist, I could have crept into any alderman's

thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales [that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook] — what a plague call you him?

Poins:

O, Glendower.

Sir John Falstaff:

Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a' horseback up a hill perpendicular – Prince Henry: He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Sir John Falstaff:

You have hit it.

Prince Henry:

So did he never the sparrow.

Sir John Falstaff:

Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

Prince Henry:

Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Sir John Falstaff:

A' horseback, ye cuckoo, but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Sir John Falstaff:

I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stol'n away to-night. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mack'rel.

[Prince Henry:

Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.

Sir John Falstaff:

By the mass, lad, thou sayest true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such ene mies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower?] Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince Henry:

Not a whit, i' faith, I lack some of thy instinct.

Sir John Falstaff:

Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practice an answer.

Prince Henry:

Do thou stand for my father and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Sir John Falstaff:

Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

[Prince Henry:

Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Sir John Falstaff:

Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be mov'd. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince Henry:

Well, here is my leg.

Sir John Falstaff:

And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess:

O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Sir John Falstaff:

Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess:

O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Sir John Falstaff:

For God's sake, lords, convey my (tristful) queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostess:

O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Sir John Falstaff:

Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good ticklebrain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, (yet) youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point: why being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. [Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be ask'd.] There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, [and it is known to many in our land] by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince Henry:

What manner of man, and it like your Majesty?

Sir John Falstaff:

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. [If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff;] him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince Henry:

Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Sir John Falstaff:

Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince Henry:

Well, here I am set.

Sir John Falstaff:

And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince Henry:

Now, Harry, whence come you?

Sir John Falstaff:

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Sir John Falstaff:

'Sblood, my lord, they are false. – Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince Henry:

Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man, a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, [that reverent Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?] Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Sir John Falstaff:

I would your Grace would take me with you. Whom means your Grace?

Prince Henry:

That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Sathan

Sir John Falstaff:

My lord, the man I know.

I know thou dost.

Sir John Falstaff:

But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it, but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's (lean) kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company – banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince Henry:

I do, I will.

A knocking heard. Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph. Enter Bardolph running.

Bardolph:

O my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Sir John Falstaff:

Out, ye rogue, play out the play, I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hostess.

Hostess:

O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Prince Henry:

Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

Hostess:

The sheriff and all the watch are at the door, they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Sir John Falstaff:

Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince Henry:

And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Sir John Falstaff:

I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince Henry:

Go hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Sir John Falstaff:

Both which I have had, but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Exit

Prince Henry: Call in the sheriff.

Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto. Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, Master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sheriff:

First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath followed certain men unto this house.

Prince Henry:

What men?

Sheriff:

One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

Carrier:

As fat as butter.

Prince Henry:

The man I do assure you is not here, For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee That I will by to-morrow dinner-time Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal, And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sheriff:

I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince Henry:

It may be so. If he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable, and so farewell.

Sheriff:

Good night, my noble lord.

Prince Henry:

I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sheriff:

Indeed, my lord, I think it be two a' clock.

Exit with Carrier.

Prince Henry:

This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

Peto:

Falstaff! – Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince Henry:

Hark how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. (He searcheth his pocket, and findeth certain papers.) What hast thou found?

Peto:

Nothing but papers, my lord.

Let's see what they be. Read them.

Peto:

Reads.

Item, a capon	2 s. 2 d.
Item, sauce	4 d.
Item, sack, two gallons	5 s. 8 d.
Item, anchoves and sack after supper	2 s. 6 d.
Item, bread	ob.

Prince Henry:

O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a march of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow, Pero.

Peto:

Good morrow, good my lord.

Exeunt

Act III,

Scene I

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Lord Mortimer:

These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Percy:

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester – a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Owen Glendower:

No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy, sit, good cousin Hotspur, For by that name as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Percy:

And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Owen Glendower:

I cannot blame him. At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Percy:

Why, so it would have done At the same season if your mother's cat had But kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Owen Glendower:

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Percy:

And I say the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Owen Glendower:

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble. Percy:

O then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire, And not in fear of your nativity.

[Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth Our grandam earth, having this distemp'rature, In passion shook.]

Owen Glendower:

Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. These signs have mark'd me extraordinary, And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the roll of common men. Where is he living, clipt in with the sea That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, Which calls me pupil or hath read to me? And bring him out that is but woman's son Can trace me in the tedious ways of art, And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Percy:

I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Lord Mortimer:

Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Owen Glendower:

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Percy:

Why, so can I, or so can any man, But will they come when you do call for them?

Owen Glendower:

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command The devil.

Percy:

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil [By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil. If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence. O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!]

Lord Mortimer:

Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Owen Glendower:

Three times hath Henry Bullingbrook made head Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Percy:

Home without boots, and in foul weather too! How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Owen Glendower:

Come, here is the map. Shall we divide our right According to our threefold order ta'en?

Lord Mortimer:

The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably
(A business that this night may execute),
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.

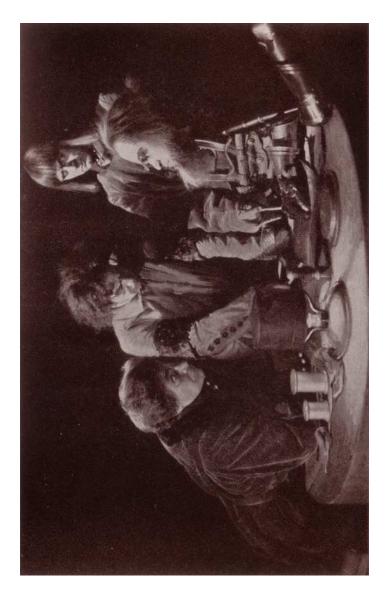
Owen Glendower:

A shorter time shall send me to you, lords, And in my conduct shall your ladies come, From whom you now must steal and take no leave, For there will be a world of water shed Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Percy:

Methinks my moi'ty, north from Burton here, In quantity equals not one of yours.

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous (cantle) out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel fair and evenly.
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.



Owen Glendower:

Not wind? It shall, it must, you see it doth.

Lord Mortimer:

Yea, but Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up With like advantage on the other side, Gelding the opposed continent as much As on the other side it takes from you.

Worcester:

Yea, but a little charge will trench him here, And on this north side win this cape of land, And then he runs straight and even.

Percy:

I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Owen Glendower:

I'll not have it alt'red.

Percy:

Will not you?

Owen Glendower:

No, nor you shall not.

Percy:

Who shall say me nay?

Owen Glendower:

Why, that will I.

Percy:

Let me not understand you then, Speak it in Welsh.

Owen Glendower:

I can speak English, lord, as well as you, For I was train'd up in the English court, Where being but young I framed to the harp Many an English ditty lovely well, And gave the tongue a helpful ornament, A virtue that was never seen in you.

Percy:

Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart.

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballet-mongers.

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Owen Glendower:

Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Percy:

I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land To any well-deserving friend; But in the way of bargain, mark ye me, I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Owen Glendower:

The moon shines fair, you may away by night. I'll haste the writer, and withal Break with your wives of your departure hence. I am afraid my daughter will run mad, So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Lord Mortimer:

Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

Percy:

I cannot choose. Sometime he angers me With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant, Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, And of a dragon and a finless fish, A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven, A couching lion and a ramping cat, And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff As puts me from my faith. I tell you what: He held me last night at least nine hours In reckoning up the several devils' names That were his lackeys. I cried "hum," and "well, go to," But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious As a tired horse, a railing wife, Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far, Than feed on cates and have him talk to me In any summer house in Christendom.

Lord Mortimer:

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humor, faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Worcester:

In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame,
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood –
[And that's the dearest grace it renders you –]
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain,
[The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.]

Percy:

Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed! Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Lord Mortimer:

This is the deadly spite that angers me: My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Owen Glendower:

My daughter weeps, she'll not part with you, She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Lord Mortimer:

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Owen Glendower:

She is desperate here, a peevish self-will'd harlotry, One that no persuasion can do good upon.

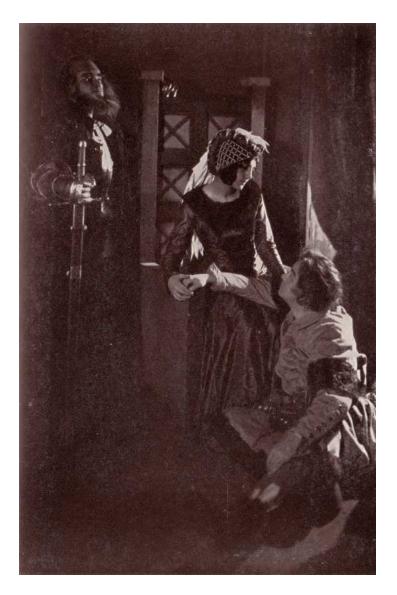
The lady speaks in Welsh.

Lord Mortimer:

I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens I am too perfect in, and but for shame, In such a parley should I answer thee.

The lady again in Welsh.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine, And that's a feeling disputation, But I will never be a truant, love, Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue



Lord Mortimer (cont.): Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd, Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bow'r, With ravishing division, to her lute.

Owen Glendower:

Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

The lady speaks again in Welsh.

Lord Mortimer:

O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Owen Glendower:

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down, And rest your gentle head upon her lap, And she will sing the song that pleaseth you, And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep, Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness, Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep As is the difference betwixt day and night The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team Begins his golden progress in the east.

Lord Mortimer:

With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing. By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Owen Glendower:

Do so,

And those musicians that shall play to you Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence, And straight they shall be here. Sit and attend.

Percy:

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down. Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady Percy:

Go, ye giddy goose.

The music plays.

Percy:

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh, And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous. By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady Percy:

Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether govern'd by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Percy:

I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady Percy:

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Percy: No.

Lady Percy:

Then be still.

Percy:

Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady Percy:

Now God help thee!

Percy:

To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady Percy:

What's that?

Percy:

Peace, she sings.

Here the lady sings a Welsh song.

Percy:

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady Percy:

Not mine, in good sooth.

Percy:

Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife: »Not you, in good sooth,« and »as true as I live,« and »as God shall mend me,« and »as sure as day«; And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury. Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath, and leave >in sooth, < And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens. Come sing.

Lady Percy: I will not sing.

Percy: '

Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. And the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours, and so come in when ye will.

Exit.

Owen Glendower:

Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go. By this our book is drawn, we'll but seal, And then to horse immediately.

Lord Mortimer: With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scene II

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King Henry IV:

Lords, give us leave, the Prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference, but be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so For some displeasing service I have done, That in his secret doom, out of my blood

King Henry IV (cont.):

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince Henry:

So please your Majesty, I would I could Quit all offenses with as clear excuse As well as I am doubtless I can purge Myself of many I am charg'd withal; Yet such extenuation let me beg As in reproof of many tales devis'd, Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers, I may for some things true, wherein my youth Hath faulty wand'red and irregular, Find pardon on my true submission.

King Henry IV:

God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry, At thy affections, which do hold a wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied,

King Henry IV (cont.): And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood; The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man Prophetically do forethink thy fall. Had I so lavish of my presence been, So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, So stale and cheap to vulgar company, Opinion, that did help me to the crown, Had still kept loyal to possession, And left me in reputeless banishment, A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. By being seldom seen, I could not stir But like a comet I was wond'red at. That men would tell their children, »This is he«; Others would say, »Where, which is Bullingbrook?« And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, And dress'd myself in such humility That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts, Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths, Even in the presence of the crowned King. Thus did I keep my person fresh and new, My presence, like a robe pontifical, Ne'er seen but wond'red at, and so my state, Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast, And wan by rareness such solemnity. The skipping King, he ambled up and down, With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits, [Soon kindled and soon burnt, carded his state, Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools, Had his great name profaned with their scorns,

King Henry IV (cont.):

[And gave his countenance, against his name, To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push Of every beardless vain comparative,] Grew a companion to the common streets, [Enfeoff'd himself to popularity, That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes, They surfeited with honey and began To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little More than a little is by much too much. So when he had occasion to be seen, He was but as the cuckoo is in June, Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes As, sick and blunted with community, Afford no extraordinary gaze, Such as is bent on sunlike majesty When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down, Slept in his face and rend'red such aspect As cloudy men use to their adversaries, Being with his presence glutted, (gorg'd), and full.] And in that very line, Harry, standest thou, For thou hast lost thy princely privilege With vile participation. Not an eye But is a-weary of thy common sight, Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more, Which now doth that I would not have it do, Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince Henry:

I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord, Be more myself. King Henry IV:

For all the world!

As thou art to this hour was Richard then When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,

And even as I was then is Percy now.

Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the state Than thou the shadow of succession.

For of no right, nor color like to right,

He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,

[Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,]

And being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on To bloody battles and to bruising arms.

What never-dying honor hath he got

Against renowmed Douglas! [whose high deeds,

Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,

Holds from all soldiers chief majority

And military title capital

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.]

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises

Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,

Enlarg'd him and made a friend of him,

To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,

And shake the peace and safety of our throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?

King Henry IV (cont.):

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear, [Base inclination, and the start of spleen,] To fight against me under Percy's pay, To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns, To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince Henry:

Do not think so, you shall not find it so, And God forgive them that so much have sway'd Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me! I will redeem all this on Percy's head, And in the closing of some glorious day Be bold to tell you that I am your son, When I will wear a garment all of blood, And stain my favors in a bloody mask, Which wash'd away shall scour my shame with it. And that shall be the day, when e'er it lights, That this same child of honor and renown, This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet. For every honor sitting on his helm, Would they were multitudes, and on my head My shames redoubled! For the time will come That I shall make this northren youth exchange His glorious deeds for my indignities. Percy is but my factor, good my lord, To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf; And I will call him to so strict account That he shall render every glory up, Yea, even the slightest worship of his time, Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

Prince Henry (cont.):

This in the name of God I promise here, [The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform, I do beseech your Majesty may salve The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.] If not, the end of life cancels all bands, And I will die a hundred thousand deaths Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King Henry IV:

A hundred thousand rebels die in this. Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

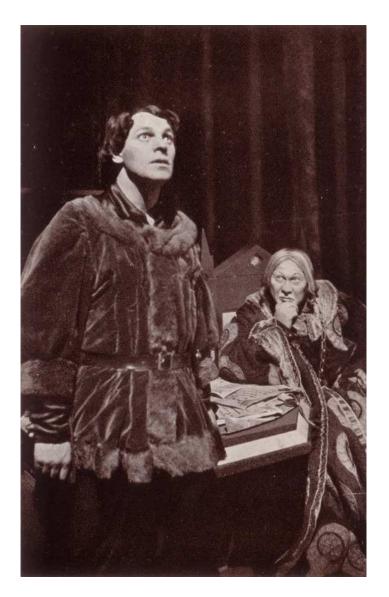
Enter Blunt.

King Henry IV:

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt:

So hath the business that I come to speak of. Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word That Douglas and the English rebels met The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury. A mighty and a fearful head they are, If promises be kept on every hand, As ever off red foul play in a state.



King Henry IV:

The Earl of Westmerland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward,
On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth. And, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business, let's away,
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.

Exeunt.

Scene III

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Sir John Falstaff:

Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking. I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bardolph:

Sir John, you are so fretful you cannot live long.

Sir John Falstaff:

Why, there is it. Come sing me a bawdy song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given [as a gentleman need to be,] virtuous enough: swore little, dic'd not above seven times – a week, went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter – of an hour, paid money that I borrow'd – three or four times, liv'd well and in good compass, and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bardolph:

Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Sir John Falstaff:

Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bardolph:

Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Sir John Falstaff:

No, I'll be sworn, [I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a memento mori.] I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. [If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be »By this fire, that('s) God's angel.« But thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money.] O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light!

Sir John Falstaff (cont.):

Thou hast sav'd me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years, God reward me for it!

Bardolph:

'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Sir John Falstaff:

God-a-mercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

Enter Hostess.

Sir John Falstaff:

How now, Dame Partlet the hen? have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hostess:

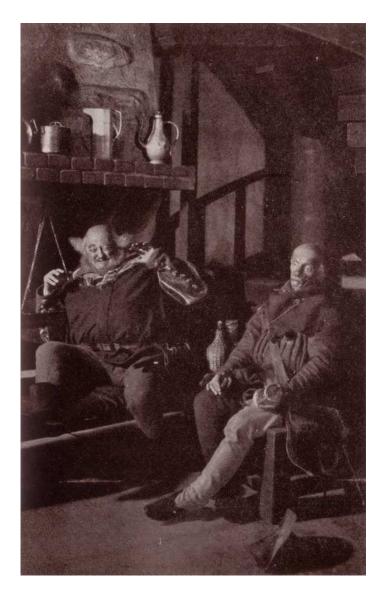
Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The (tithe) of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Sir John Falstaff:

Ye lie, hostess, Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Hostess:

Who, I? No, I defy thee. God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.



Sir John Falstaff:

Go to, I know you well enough.

Hostess:

No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John, you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Sir John Falstaff:

Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I have given them away to bakers' wives, they have made bolters of them.

Hostess:

Now as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and bydrinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Sir John Falstaff:

He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostess:

He? alas, he is poor, he hath nothing.

Sir John Falstaff:

How? poor? Look upon his face; [what call you rich?] Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Hostess:

O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Sir John Falstaff:

How? the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-up. 'Sblood, and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, (with Peto) and Falstaff meets him playing upon his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bardolph:

Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostess:

My lord, I pray you hear me.

Prince Henry:

What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hostess:

Good my lord, hear me.

Sir John Falstaff:

Prithee let her alone, and list to me.

Prince Henry:

What say'st thou, Jack?

Sir John Falstaff:

The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd. This house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

Prince Henry: What didst thou lose, Jack?

Sir John Falstaff:

Wilt thou believe me, Hal, three or four bonds of forty pound apiece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince Henry:

A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hostess:

So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your Grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince Henry:

What, he did not?

Hostess:

There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Sir John Falstaff:

There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox, and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hostess:

Say, what thing? what thing?

Sir John Falstaff:

What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hostess:

I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest man's wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Sir John Falstaff:

Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hostess:

Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Sir John Falstaff:

What beast? why, an otter.

Prince Henry:

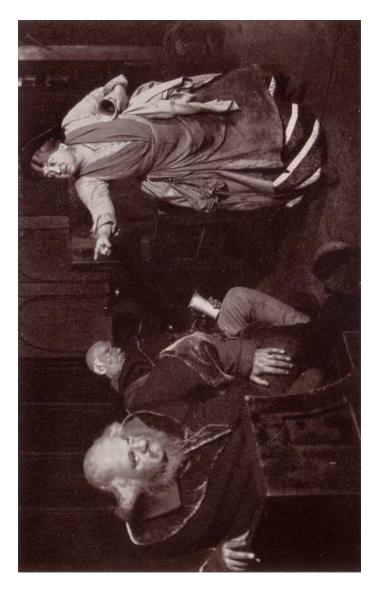
An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

Sir John Falstaff:

Why? she's neither fish nor flesh, a man knows not where to have her.

Hostess:

Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!



Prince Henry:

Thou say'st true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hostess:

So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince Henry:

Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Sir John Falstaff:

A thousand pound, Hal? a million, thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hostess:

Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Sir John Falstaff:

Did I, Bardolph?

Bardolph:

Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Sir John Falstaff: Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince Henry:

I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Sir John Falstaff:

Why, Hal! thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince Henry:

And why not as the lion?

Sir John Falstaff:

The King himself is to be fear'd as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, and I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince Henry:

O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded — [if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these,] I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, [you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not asham'd?]

Sir John Falstaff:

Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then you pick'd my pocket?

Prince Henry:

It appears so by the story.

Sir John Falstaff:

Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guesse. Thou shalt find me tractable to any ho nest reason; thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee be gone. (Exit Hostess.) Now, Hal, to the news at court for the robbery, lad, how is that answer'd?

Prince Henry:

O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Sir John Falstaff:

O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labor.

Prince Henry: I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Sir John Falstaff:

Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bardolph:

Do, my lord.

Prince Henry:

I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Sir John Falstaff:

I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prince Henry:

Bardolph!

Bardolph:

My lord?

Prince Henry:

Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmerland.

Exit Bardolph.

Go, Peto, to horse, to horse, for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.

Exit Peto

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall At two (a') clock in the afternoon; There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive Money and order for their furniture. The land is burning, Percy stands on high, And either we or they must lower lie.

Exit.

Sir John Falstaff:

Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come! O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

Exit.

Act IV, Scene I

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas

[Percy:

Well said, my noble Scot! If speaking truth In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world. By God, I cannot flatter, I do defy The tongues of soothers, but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself. Nay, task me to my word, approve me, lord.]

Douglas:

Thou art the king of honor. No man so potent breathes upon the ground But I will beard him.

Enter one a Messenger with letters.

Percy:

Do so, and 'tis well. – What letters hast thou there? – I can but thank you.

Messenger:

These letters come from your father.

Percy:

Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?

Messenger:

He cannot come, my lord, he is grievous sick.

Percy:

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Messenger:

His letters bears his mind, not I, my (lord).

Worcester:

I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Messenger:

He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth, And at the time of my departure thence He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Worcester:

I would the state of time had first been whole Ere he by sickness had been visited, His health was never better worth than now.

Percy:

Sick now? droop now? This sickness doth infect The very life-blood of our enterprise, ['Tis catching hither, even to our camp.] He writes me here, that inward sickness — And that his friends by deputation could not So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

Percy (cont.):

On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Worcester:

Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Percy:

A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off — And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good To set the exact wealth of all our states All at one cast? to set so rich a main On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? [It were not good, for therein should we read The very bottom and the soul of hope, The very list, the very utmost bound Of all our fortunes

Douglas:

Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
(Is) to come in.
A comfort of retirement lives in this

Percy:

A rendezvous, a home to fly unto, If that the devil and mischance look big Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.]

Worcester:

But yet I would your father had been here. The quality and hair of our attempt Brooks no division. It will be thought By some that know not why he is away That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike Of our proceedings kept the Earl from hence, And think how such an apprehension May turn the tide of fearful faction, [And breed a kind of question in our cause. For well you know we of the offring side Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence The eye of reason may pry in upon us. This absence of your father's draws a curtain That shows the ignorant a kind of fear Before not dreamt of.]

Percy:

You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here, for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head

Percy (cont.):

To push against a kingdom, with his help We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Douglas:

As heart can think. There is not such a word Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Percy:

My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul!

Sir Richard Vernon:

Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord. The Earl of Westmerland, seven thousand strong, Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John.

Percy:

No harm. What more?

Sir Richard Vernon:

And further, I have learn'd, The King himself in person is set forth, Or hitherwards intended speedily, With strong and mighty preparation.

Percy:

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son, The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales, And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside And bid it pass? Sir Richard Vernon:
All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel (dropp'd) down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Percy:

No more, no more! worse than the sun in March, This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come! They come like sacrifices in their trim, [And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war All hot and bleeding will we offer them. The mailed Mars shall on his (altar) sit Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh, And yet not ours.] Come let me taste my horse, Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales. Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse, Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse. O that Glendower were come!

Sir Richard Vernon:

There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He (cannot) draw his power this fourteen days.

Douglas:

That's the worst tidings that I hear of (yet).

Worcester:

Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Percy:

What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Sir Richard Vernon:

To thirty thousand.

Percy:

Forty let it be!

My father and Glendower being both away, The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come let us take a muster speedily.

Doomsday is near, die all, die merrily.

Douglas:

Talk not of dying, I am out of fear Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

Exeunt.

Scene II

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph.

[Sir John Falstaff:

Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bardolph:

Will you give me money, captain?

Sir John Falstaff:

Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph:

This bottle makes an angel.

Sir John Falstaff: And if it do, take it for thy labor, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bardolph:

I will, captain, farewell.]

Exit

Sir John Falstaff:

If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. [I have misus'd the King's press damnably.] I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.

Sir John Falstaff (cont.):

I press me none but good householders, (yeomen's) sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banes, such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum, such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl [or a hurt wild duck.] I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies – slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, [where the glutton's dogs lick'd his sores, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n,] the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old feaz'd ancient: [and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty totter'd prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.] A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. [No eve hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.] Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gives on, for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host at Saint Albons, or the red-nose innkeeper Daventry. But that's all one, they'll find linen- enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince, Lord of Westmerland.

Prince Henry:

How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Sir John Falstaff:

What, Hal? how now, mad wag? [What a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy! I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

Earl of Westmerland:

Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all, we must away all night.]

Sir John Falstaff:

[Tut,] never fear me, I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince Henry: I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are [these that come after?]

Sir John Falstaff:

Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince Henry:

I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Sir John Falstaff:

[Tut, tut,] good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

[Earl of Westmerland:

Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.]

Sir John Falstaff:

Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince Henry:

No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers in the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste, Percy is already in the field.

Exit

Sir John Falstaff:

What, is the King encamp'd?

Earl of Westmerland: He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too long.

Sir John Falstaff:

[Well,]

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

Exeunt.

Scene III

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, Vernon.

Percy: We'll fight with him to-night.
Worcester: It may not be.
Douglas: You give him then advantage.
Sir Richard Vernon: Not a whit.
Percy: Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?
Sir Richard Vernon: So do we.
Percy: His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Worcester: Good cousin, be advis'd, stir not to-night.
Sir Richard Vernon: Do not, my lord.

Douglas:

You do not counsel well, You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Sir Richard Vernon:

Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life, And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honor bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives. Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle Which of us fears.

Douglas:

Yea, or to-night.

Sir Richard Vernon:

Content.

Percy:

To-night, say I.

Sir Richard Vernon:

Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, Being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments Drag back our expedition. Certain horse Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up. Your uncle Worcester's horses came but to-day, And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labor tame and dull, That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Percy:

So are the horses of the enemy In general journey-bated and brought low. The better part of ours are full of rest.

Worcester:

The number of the King exceedeth our. For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt:

I come with gracious offers from the King, If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Percy:

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well, and even those some Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt:

And God defend but still I should stand so, So long as out of limit and true rule You stand against anointed majesty. But to my charge. The King hath sent to know The nature of your griefs, and whereupon You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Blunt (cont.):

Have any way your good deserts forgot, Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed You shall have your desires with interest And pardon absolute for yourself and these Herein misled by your suggestion.

Percy:

The King is kind, and well we know the King Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My father and my uncle and myself Did give him that same royalty he wears, And when he was not six and twenty strong, Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home, My father gave him welcome to the shore; And when he heard him swear and vow to God He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, [To sue his livery and beg his peace,] With tears of innocency and terms of zeal, My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too. Now when the lords and barons of the realm Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee, Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, [Gave him their heirs as pages,] followed him Even at the heels in golden multitudes. [He presently, as greatness knows itself,

Percy (cont.):

Steps me a little higher than his vow Made to my father, while his blood was poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh,] And now forsooth takes on him to reform Some certain edicts and some strait decrees That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep Over his (country's) wrongs, and by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did he win The hearts of all that he did angle for; Proceeded further – cut me off the heads Of all the favorites that the absent King In deputation left behind him here, When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt:

Tut, I came not to hear this.

Percy:

Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
[To make that worse, suff'red his kinsman March (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;]
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine uncle from the Council-board,
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court,

Percy (cont.):

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong, And in conclusion drove us to seek out This head of safety, and withal to pry Into his title, the which we find Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt:

Shall I return this answer to the King?

Percy:

Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while. Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd Some surety for a safe return again, And in the morning early shall mine uncle Bring him our purposes. And so farewell.

Blunt:

I would you would accept of grace and love.

Percy:

And may be so we shall.

Blunt:

Pray God you do.

Exeunt.

Scene IV

Enter Archbishop of York, Sir Michael.

Archbishop of York:

Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealed brief With winged haste to the Lord Marshal, This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest To whom they are directed. If you knew How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Michael My good lord, I guess their tenor.

Archbishop of York:
Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, overrul'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir Michael Why, my good lord, you need not fear, There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Archbishop of York: No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Michael But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy, And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Archbishop of York:

And so there is; but yet the King hath drawn The special head of all the land together: The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt, And many moe corrivals and dear men Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Michael Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Archbishop of York:

I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear, And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed; For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King Dismiss his power he means to visit us, For he hath heard of our confederacy, And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him. Therefore make haste. I must go write again To other friends, and so farewell, Sir Michael.

Exeunt.

Act V, Scene I

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, Falstaff.

King Henry IV:

How bloodily the sun begins to peer Above yon bulky hill! the day looks pale At his distemp'rature.

Prince Henry:

The southren wind Doth play the trumpet to his purposes, And by his hollow whistling in the leaves Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

King Henry IV:

Then with the losers let it sympathize, For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

> The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'tis not well That you and I should meet upon such terms As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust, And made us doff our easy robes of peace, To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel. This is not well, my lord, this is not well. What say you to it? Will you again unknit This churlish knot of all-abhorred war? [And move in that obedient orb again

King Henry IV (cont.):

Where you did give a fair and natural light, And be no more an exhal'd meteor, A prodigy of fear, and a portent Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Worcester:

Hear me, my liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content To entertain the lag end of my life With quiet hours; for I protest I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King Henry IV:

You have not sought it, how comes it then?

Sir John Falstaff:

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince Henry:

Peace, chewet, peace!

Worcester:

It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks Of favor from myself and all our house, And yet I must remember you, my lord, We were the first and dearest of your friends. For you my staff of office did I break In Richard's time, and posted day and night To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand, When yet you were in place and in account Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

Worcester (cont.):

It was myself, my brother, and his son, That brought you home, and boldly did outdare The dangers of the time. [You swore to us, And you did swear that oath at Doncaster, That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state, Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right, The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster. To this we swore our aid. But in short space It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head, And such a flood of greatness fell on you, What with our help, what with the absent King, What with the injuries of a wanton time, The seeming sufferances that you had borne, And the contrarious winds that held the King So long in his unlucky Irish wars That all in England did repute him dead;] And from this swarm of fair advantages You took occasion to be quickly wooed To gripe the general sway into your hand, Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster, [And being fed by us you us'd us so As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest, Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk That even our love durst not come near your sight For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing We were enforc'd for safety sake to fly Out of your sight and raise this present head, Whereby we stand opposed by such means As you yourself have forg'd against yourself

Worcester (cont.):

By unkind usage, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.]

King Henry IV:

These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye
[Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation;]
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince Henry:

In both your armies there is many a soul Shall pay full dearly for this encounter, If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes, This present enterprise set off his head, I do not think a braver gentleman, More active, valiant, or more valiant, young, More daring or more bold, is now alive To grace this latter age with noble deeds. For my part, I may speak it to my shame, I have a truant been to chivalry, And so I hear he doth account me too;

Prince Henry (cont.):

Yet this before my father's Majesty: I am content that he shall take the odds Of his great name and estimation, And will, to save the blood on either side, Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King Henry IV:

And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee, Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no, We love our people well, even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part,
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

Exit Worcester with Vernon.

Prince Henry:

It will not be accepted, on my life. The Douglas and the Hotspur both together Are confident against the world in arms.

King Henry IV:

Hence therefore, every leader to his charge, For on their answer will we set on them, And God befriend us as our cause is just!

Exeunt. Manent Prince, Falstaff.

Sir John Falstaff:

Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince Henry:

Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Sir John Falstaff:

I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince Henry:

Why, thou owest God a death.

Exit.

Sir John Falstaff: '

Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word honor? What is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died a' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible then? Yea, to the dead.

Sir John Falstaff (cont.):

But will('t) not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it, honor is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism.

Exit.

Scene II

Enter Worcester, Sir Richard Vernon.

Worcester:

O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard, The liberal and kind offer of the King.

Sir Richard Vernon:

'Twere best he did.

Worcester:

Then are we all (undone);
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us.
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offense in other faults.
[Supposition all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who never so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,

Worcester (cont.):

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood, And an adopted name of privilege, A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen. All his offenses live upon my head And on his father's. We did train him on, And his corruption being ta'en from us, We as the spring of all shall pay for all.] Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know, In any case, the offer of the King.

Sir Richard Vernon:

Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.

Here comes your cousin.

Enter Percy (Hotspur and Douglas).

Percy:

My uncle is return'd, Deliver up my Lord of Westmerland. Uncle, what news?

Worcester:

The King will bid you battle presently.

Douglas:

Defy him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Percy:

Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Douglas:

Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Worcester:

There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Percy:

Did you beg any? God forbid!

Worcester:

I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus, By now forswearing that he is forsworn. He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Douglas.

Douglas:

Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth, And Westmerland, that was engag'd, did bear it, Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Worcester:

The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King, And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Percy:

O would the quarrel lay upon our heads, And that no man might draw short breath to-day But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt? Sir Richard Vernon:

No, by my soul, I never in my life Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly, Unless a brother should a brother dare To gentle exercise and proof of arms. He gave you all the duties of a man, Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue, Spoke your deservings like a chronicle, [Making you ever better than his praise By still dispraising praise valued with you,] And which became him like a prince indeed, He made a blushing cital of himself, And chid his truant youth with such a grace [As if he mast'red there a double spirit] Of teaching and of learning instantly. There did he pause, but let me tell the world, If he outlive the envy of this day, England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Percy:

Cousin, I think thou art enamored
On his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger:

My lord, here are letters for you.

Percy:

I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!

To spend that shortness basely were too long If life did ride upon a dial's point,

Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

And if we live, we live to tread on kings,

If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

Now for our consciences, the arms are fair

When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Messenger:

My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Percy:

I thank him that he cuts me from my tale, For I profess not talking; only this — Let each man do his best, and here draw I A sword, whose temper I intend to stain With the best blood that I can meet withal In the adventure of this perilous day. Now Esperance! Percy! and set on. Sound all the lofty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace, For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall A second time do such a courtesy.

Here they embrace and exeunt.

Scene III

The trumpets sound. The King enters with his power and passes over.

Alarm to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt:

What is thy name, that in battle thus Thou crossest me? What honor dost thou seek Upon my head?

Douglas:

Know then, my name is Douglas, And I do haunt thee in the battle thus Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt:

They tell thee true.

Douglas:

The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought Thy likeness, for in stead of thee, King Harry, This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt:

I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot, And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

> They fight. Douglas kills Blunt. Then enter Hotspur



Percy:

O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus, I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Douglas:

All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the King.

Percy:

Where?

Douglas:

Here.

Percy:

This, Douglas? No, I know this face full well. A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt, Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Douglas:

(A) fool go with thy soul, whither it goes! A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear. Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Percy:

The King hath many marching in his coats.

Douglas:

Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats; I'll murder all his wardrop, piece by piece, Until I meet the King.

Percy:

Up and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter Falstaff solus.

Sir John Falstaff:

Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here, here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honor for you! Here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince Henry:

What, stands thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I prithee lend me thy sword.

Sir John Falstaff:

O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince Henry:

He is indeed, and living to kill thee. I prithee lend me thy sword.

Sir John Falstaff:

Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gets not my sword, but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince Henry:

Give it me. What? is it in the case?

Sir John Falstaff:

Ay, Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.

Prince Henry:

What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

He throws the bottle at him. Exit.

Sir John Falstaff:

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

Exit.

Scene IV

Alarm. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince (wounded), Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmerland.

King Henry IV:

I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself, thou bleedest too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lord John of Lancaster: Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince Henry:

I beseech your Majesty make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King Henry IV:

I will do so.

My Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his tent.

Earl of Westmerland:

Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince Henry:

Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help, And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lord John of Lancaster:

We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmerland, Our duty this way lies; for God's sake come.

Exeunt Prince John and Westmerland.

Prince Henry:

By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster, I did not think thee lord of such a spirit. Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John, But now I do respect thee as my soul.

King Henry IV:

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince Henry: O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all!

Exit. Enter Douglas.

Douglas:

Another king? they grow like Hydra's heads. I am the Douglas, fatal to all those That wear those colors on them. What art thou That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King Henry IV:

The King himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart So many of his shadows thou hast met And not the very King. [I have two boys Seek Percy and thyself about the field, But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee, and] defend thyself.

Douglas:

I fear thou art another counterfeit, And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a king. But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be, And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prince Henry:

Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like Never to hold it up again! The spirits Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt are in my arms. It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

They fight: Douglas flieth.

Cheerly, my lord, how fares your Grace? Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent, And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

King Henry IV:

Stay and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

[Prince Henry:

O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I heark'ned for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labor of your son.]

King Henry IV:

Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

Exit King. Enter Hotspur.

Percy:

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince Henry:

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Percy:

My name is Harry Percy.

Prince Henry:

Why then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy, To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere, Nor can one England brook a double reign Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Percy:

(Nor) shall it, Harry, for the hour is come To end the one of us, and would to God Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

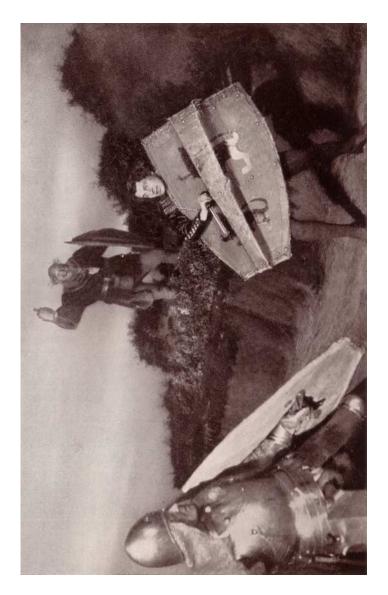
Prince Henry:

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee, And all the budding honors on thy crest I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

Percy:

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaff.



Sir John Falstaff: Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fighteth with Falstaff. He (Falstaff) falls down as if he were dead (and exit Douglas).

The Prince killeth Percy.

Percy:

O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool,
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for —

Dies

Prince Henry:

For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart! [Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!] When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound, But now two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough. This earth that bears (thee) dead Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. [If thou were sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal;

Prince Henry (cont.):
But let my favors hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.]
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not rememb'red in thy epitaph!

He spieth Falstaff on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spar'd a better man. [O, I should have a heavy miss of thee If I were much in love with vanity!] Death hath not strook so fat a deer to-day, Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. Embowell'd will I see thee by and by, Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Exit. Falstaff riseth up.

Sir John Falstaff:

Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too tomorrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. [Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.] The better part of valor is discretion, in the which better part I have sav'd my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead.

Percy (cont.):

How if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah (stabbing him), with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his back. Enter Prince (and) John of Lancaster.

Prince Henry:

Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

Lord John of Lancaster: But soft, whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince Henry:

I did, I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive? Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight? I prithee speak, we will not trust our eyes Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Sir John Falstaff:

[No, that's certain, I am not a double man;] but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy (throwing the body down). If your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince Henry:

Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Sir John Falstaff:

Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. [If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads.] I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh. If the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lord John of Lancaster:

This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince Henry:

This is the strangest fellow, brother John. Come bring your luggage nobly on your back. For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A retrait is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retrait, the day is our. [Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,] To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt Prince and Lancaster.

Sir John Falstaff:

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less, for I'll purge and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

Scene V

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King Henry IV:

Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.

Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

[Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else

Had been alive this hour,

If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.]

Worcester:

What I have done my safety urg'd me to; And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King Henry IV:

Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too. Other offenders we will pause upon.

Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded

How goes the field?

Prince Henry:

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest, And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace I may dispose of him.

King Henry IV: With all my heart.

Prince Henry:

Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you This honorable bounty shall belong. Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free. His valors shown upon our crests to-day Have taught us how to cherish such high deeds Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lord John of Lancaster: I thank your Grace for this high courtesy, Which I shall give away immediately.

King Henry IV:

Then this remains, that we divide our power. You, son John, and my cousin Westmerland Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed, [To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop, Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.] Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

King Henry IV (cont.): Meeting the check of such another day, And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Exeunt.



King Henry IV. - Cast

Direction: Max Reinhard.	
Wegener	King Henry IV.
Moissi	Henry Prince of Wales.
Werner Schott	Prince John of Lancaster.
Carl Ebert	Sir Walter Blunt.
August Momber	Earl of Worcester.
Bassermann	
George Henrich	
Eduard Rothauser	Sir Richard Vernon.
Diegelmann	Sir John Falstaff.
Armin Schweizer	Poins.
Erwin Kopp	Gadshill.
Ernst Lubitsch	
Friedrich Kühne	Bardolf.
Else Heims	Lady Percy.
Gina Maner	Lady Mortimer.
Sophie Dagan	Miss Hurtig.
Fritz Richard	
Joseph Wilhelmi	Traveller.

Ernst Stern designed the decorations and costumes. Hans Böhm takes the shots according to the illustrations under the direction of Hermann Rosenberg.

The present book includes 15 images.

